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Morning, Noon, and Night. The mountain that the moon doth kiss. Glad greets its shining neighbor: Lord! he'd the homage of my bliss—The incense of my labor!

Sharp smites the sun like burning rain, And fields and flower languish: Hear, Lord! the prayer of my pain—The pleading of my anguish!

THE LITTLE LADY. I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, at Rue de Rivoli, Paris. One morning I was smoking in the colonnade when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by mine. I saw at once that he was a Frenchman, although his "English" was nearly perfect.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired. "No." "Is it possible? Why, all Paris is alive with it at this moment."

"What has happened?" "The Countess de Marville, the fairest of the fair, was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open and ten thousand francs missing from it. It was terrible! The brute through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately, was a tall tree planted by the distinguished grandfather of the Countess years ago. Little did he imagine what a terrible use would be made of it."

"This is bad news. How any man could harm a woman thus in cold blood is more than I can imagine." "Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen the Countess you would wonder still more. She was beautiful—beautiful as an angel," he added, stroking his whiskers with an unmistakable air of vanity; "I knew her well."

"Indeed?" "Oh, yes. There are in Paris few popular women unknown to me. His manner was now decidedly concealed, and I felt disgusted. My coldness evidently repelled him, for he soon left me."

Afterwards I heard from others accounts of the late tragedy. Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me—and which my first informant had not spoken of—an oversight which surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most likely to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the Countess the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impression of a chariot wheel with a star in the center.

"This," said my latest informant, "may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewelers' shops to find out from which and by whom a ring with a chariot-wheel device was purchased."

"Who is Jean Mosqueau?" "What, Mosqueau, our famous detective? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair, delicate face and form, believe that he could fight a giant!"

A week later I was aboard the steamer, bound from Calais to Dover. Among the passengers I beheld one whose face looked familiar to me. I was long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen in front of the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the Countess.

He was certainly a very handsome man, although his conceited air was a blot upon his good looks. He moved languidly hither and thither, turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers, with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am rather of a suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagination, had often led me into singular errors. Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to the man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at his ring. Somehow, the idea possessed me that I should discover a chariot-wheel device upon the glittering handle.

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not the one containing the ring. My brain fairly reeled; the man's behavior was a confirmation of my suspicions.

"The other hand, if you please," I said, in a low stern voice. "Monsieur will please excuse me; my other arm is lame with the rheumatism."

He beheld me glance towards the half-hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him start and turn pale, at the same time looking much surprised. He, however, opened his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it if I chose to.

Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt ashamed of my suspicions. The device was a common heart, which certainly bore no resemblance to a chariot wheel.

After a general conversation to recover my self-possession, I turned away, resolved in the future to have a better opinion of my fellow-creatures. The stranger's good looks seemed to attract the attention of a good many of the ladies. One especially, a modest-looking little thing attired in black, kept directing furtive glances at the handsome passenger. Finally she glided so close to him that in turning he brushed against her.

she remarked, pointing toward a dark cloud upon which the captain of the boat was gazing anxiously. "We may, but do not be alarmed, madame."

With an air of nonchalance he pulled a red cigar-case from his pocket and asked his companion if she objected to smoke. Then he started, and quickly returning the red one to his pocket pulled forth another of a blue color.

"How many segars do you smoke in a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases. "The other colored, after it struck me that he twice slightly faltered, and his hand trembled as he made some laughing reply.

Soon the storm came pouncing down upon us. We were midway in the Channel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and gale. Both were terrific.

The sea swept the boat, which lay so far over that her machinery was soon damaged so that it would not work. The wind, screaming like a demon, threw her over still faster.

Suddenly we observed the sailors endeavoring to lash a long-boat on the davits at the stern. Meanwhile there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the counter. The truth could not be concealed; we were sinking.

The ladies screamed; the handsome passenger lost his self-possession, and ran hither and thither. The cool behavior of the little lady in black contrasted strangely with the agitated demeanor of those around her.

There she stood calm and immovable, her bright steel-blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not lose sight for a moment. "Keep quiet, ladies and gentlemen!" sang out the captain—"Keep quiet, and don't crowd around the boat! There will be room in it for you all; and, besides, there is a schooner coming to our assistance," pointing to a vessel blowing towards us before the wind.

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among the number the handsome passenger.

A huge sea coming along, roaring like thunder, parted the tacks, tearing the boat from the steamer before the lady in black or I could enter. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and being unable to swim wildly threw up his arms.

I must acknowledge that I was so engrossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself—now the only two left aboard the steamer—that I paid little attention to the drowning man.

The steamer was, in fact, going down fast—was already nearly engulfed in the stormy waves, her heated and half-submerged boilers hissing as the steam came gushing out like the spout of a whale.

I was advancing to throw an arm around the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly motioning me back with one hand, she seized a coil of rope and threw the end to the handsome passenger. He caught it, when, turning to me, the lady requested me to help haul the man aboard. I complied, marveling at the love and devotion thus shown by a woman to an acquaintance of an hour.

His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason. The idea flashed clearly across my mind in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was very near, and I had every reason to believe that we should be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken aboard the schooner, the handsome passenger among the rest. The lady in black pulled forth a revolver, pointing it at the head of him whom she had rescued.

"Out with that red cigar-case!" she said, sternly. "I would like to see what monstrosity carries it!" "Why—why," stammered the stranger; "what is—"

Before he could say another word, the little Amazon thrust her disengaged hand in his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar-case, and opening it, a ring dropped to the deck.

The ring she picked up, and holding it up before us all, exclaimed, "I have found it at last. The jeweler assured me it was the only one of the device in Paris—a chariot wheel!"

There is little more to add. The main proof having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty beyond doubt. Long before his execution his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosseaux, a noted adventurer and gambler, who, however, by cool effrontery and a winning address, backed by his good looks, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian society.

Unfortunately, a large class of people merit this name, and are not troubled with a consciousness of deserving it, either. The social sponge is generally a pleasant, affable person, always ready to do you, his "most valued and esteemed friend," a good turn, provided only he can manage it at some one else's expense and without pecuniary or other inconvenience to himself.

He does this upon principle, for, argues he, "one good turn deserves another," and this turn rendered he carefully posts to your debt with interest compounded and double compounded, and fails not to remind you ever and anon that the balance of your account is on the wrong side. As we have said, our friend is not over particular in what way he obtains the heedful; and if you give him the opportunity he will not scruple to use the engine of the law to pump it out of you. Beware, therefore, of supplying the handle to the pump for the law to work the golden stream full upon his absorbing self.

Our egotizing friend views everything in an eminently practical manner. Number one is with him the first law of nature. Take all you can get, and give as little as possible. "Thrupp a sprat to catch a mackerel." "Hold fast that which is good, eschew that which is evil"—that is to say, that which is no good. These are favorite axioms of his. You are generous and do not like to praise you for it, and land you to the skies as a truly good fellow? He robs you right and left—not in a legal sense to be sure, but he robs you none the less; you abuse him proportionately and he cries "quite." Clearly nothing more than an ordinary business transaction; who, then, can say that your friend is not an eminently practical man? As for him, he gives away nothing, and is serenely happy in his selfishness. Well, perhaps it is better to be like him than to give just for the sake of display that which you have begrudged. But, oh! take care, you hard-hearted, selfish, despicable Spongers, lest the time should come when the great circumstances will squeeze your ill-gotten gains out of you. You may then as lief expect the earth to split in twain as that any of your former well-sacked friends will extend you a helping hand.

Light Cares. What a pity 'tis that young married folk will not emulate the example of Japanese housekeepers! They are troubled very little by household cares. A few mats, a chest of drawers for clothing, two or three quilts for a bed on the floor, some simple kitchen-utensils, and their houses are furnished. They have never known the use of a bedstead, a chair, or a table, as we understand these articles; and yet, these people have all the virtues of civilization, and perhaps not quite all the vices. They are polite, generous, hospitable, perform their religious duties with exemplary piety, and, if cleanliness is next to godliness, they are much more godly than we are, for they are the cleanest people on the earth, according to the general testimony of travelers. We have certainly much to learn before our houses can be as immaculately neat as theirs are. The habit of doffing street boots and assuming slippers before entering a room does much towards keeping houses cleaner than our own. A poor Japanese housewife really enjoys more ease, after her simple duties are done, than many of our wealthiest. And as for young people just entering life—compare their lot with that of the people under discussion, and, if an ease-loving person, you will soon render a verdict in favor of Japanese housekeepers.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. A numerous meeting of prominent Catholics interested in the projected pilgrimage of American Catholics to the Holy Land was held at the house of Archbishop McCloskey. Brief addresses were made in advocacy of the proposed pilgrimage, and offers of material aid toward the realization of the project were freely made. A suggestion that a few pilgrims, instead of the movement, should be sent to their departure within a few coming weeks, met with much favor. Archbishop McCloskey, however, stated that it would be better to defer the matter for some time, and urged that there were various reasons which rendered delay advisable, prominent among them being the fact that the next two weeks, there would be no possibility of appraising the Holy Father, so that they might start with the advantages of the plenary indulgence.

After considerable discussion it was finally determined not to take any active measures looking toward the immediate carrying out of the idea for the present. From what transpired, however, it was evident that before long a procession of Catholic pilgrims will take their departure from our shores.

Wages Abroad. Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for a workingman in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Women men often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from four o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening, and do not get more. During the late war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profit of the poor who kept petty shops, sold trinkets in the streets, or act as settlers do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servants girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes cannot get work at any price.

Saint Fanny. Saint Fanny was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase. Now, her great delight was to procure all things comfortable for her husband, a hardworking merchant, much abroad, but loving his home. Now, one night, he returned tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing brought in. Shops were shut, and taking great was the grief of St. Fanny. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said, "I'll give this ten times over for a supper for my husband." And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and St. Fanny opened, and the husband ate, and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as large as a hazel nut; and so was Saint Fanny made rich for life.—Douglas Jerrold's "Fireside Saints."

Newgate Prison. How Criminals are Treated in England—Mark Twain's Last Joke. An American lady, who was being shown through one of the shows of London—Newgate—the other day, expressed herself rather forcibly to the warden concerning several features of the prison which hardly appeared to her humane. She was grieved to see the elaborate and new machinery for holding prisoners tight while they are flogged with the cat, stocks for holding their feet, and similar arrangements for the body and hands. The lady asked where the thumb-screw was. The warden innocently replied that he hadn't any. However, he must afterwards have pondered more profoundly over the sarcasm of the inquiry, for more recently another American lady, upon giving expression to a similar feeling about the resuscitated stocks, was charged to by the warden that they had managed to get along there without flogging for many years until some Americans came over and began to garrote the citizens, and this was found to be the only way of dealing with them. The lady replied that it must have been because the English came over and took away their business, since American prisons were full of Englishmen.

"However," she added, "we don't torture them." On coming to the small alley in which executed criminals are buried, the lady—who is a jolly Quaker—shuddered at that, and the warden said: "You will notice here that ours is a great improvement on the American plan. In America they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends, who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dressed being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows."

The lady having suggested that execution was enough, the warden replied: "Not a bit of it. I was showing our plan the other day to a remarkable intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly; only he thought we were too lenient. That gentleman said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it?' said he; 'we caught a rascal in America the other day whom we ought immediately to have burned, and we only hung him. But we're coming to our senses, and are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom the gallows is too good.'"

"Will these be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentleman who made that remark to thee?" said the Quakeress. "Ah, yes," said the warden, reflectively; "let me see—it was Mr. Mark Twain."—Cor. Clin. Commercial.

To Cure Cancer. Cancer has fallen into the hands of such stupid, reckless quacks, says Dio Lewis, that it is very difficult to speak of it with patience. I will give you a case which I think resembles yours. A slight, pale mother of forty-eight discovered a small tumor, in which she frequently experienced needle-like pains. Some one suggested cancer, and away she ran in great fright to a famous cancer-doctor. He assured her, in the most awfully solemn way, that it was a terrible case, and that if she had let it go a week longer before coming to him it would have been too late. He then proceeded to inform her that for three hundred dollars, half down, he would cure her. With great difficulty, and at great sacrifice, she raised the money, and put herself under his treatment. He applied a plaster, which immediately made an open sore, which immediately burrowed so deeply into the flesh that the tumor came out. She was now in a most wretched condition. As this lady's mother died of cancer, I fear that in her present exhaustion she may succumb to the same malady, for she is clearly in the cancerous or scrofulous condition. In every case of cancer, it is not the tumor, but the condition behind the tumor, and which produces the tumor, which is to be treated. It is very doubtful if the knife or the arsenic plaster ever cured a cancer, while there is no doubt that a very large majority of the cases of cancerous tumors may be cured, or entirely arrested, and brought within safe limits, by the following management:

- 1. Wear a wet compress covered with half a dozen thicknesses of dry flannel every night over the tumor.
- 2. Go out much in the sun.
- 3. Breathe full of the purest air day and night.
- 4. Eat the best beef and bread, and no trash.
- 5. Go to bed at eight o'clock, and sleep as long as possible. Lie down an hour in the middle of every day, and try to sleep.
- 6. Cultivate a cheerful, jolly temper.
- 7. Exercise freely every day in the open air.
- 8. Keep your skin open by a regular morning bath in soap and water.

This I have no doubt will cure you.

Killing Mosquitoes. A novel method of killing mosquitoes has been discovered which deserves to be patented. But we disclose it to our readers, unconscious that we thereby infringe anybody's rights. The apparatus required is simple, consisting of a broomstick, the cover of a tin blacking-box, and a nail. The inside of the cover should be anointed thoroughly with kerosene oil, and then nailed, hollow side up, to the end of a broomstick. The method of operation is equally simple: clap the machine over the nearest mosquito on the wall or ceiling, and hold him prisoner for a moment. Then his body will be found adhering to the oil at the bottom of the cover, the fumes having put an end to his existence. Sometimes a strong-headed individual will reel about a while before he keels over and dies. By an industrious use of this machine a room can be entirely cleared of mosquitoes.

Items of Interest. Nine-tenths of the ministers of the country are not as well paid as base ball professionals. The English met with a slight reverse in opening the Ashantee campaign, losing a number of men.

Anjos, Brazil, is overrun with agents of menageries, who are buying boa constrictors for a dollar a piece. Is it because colds are to be sneezed at that so many people are ready to take them whenever they catch them? A Paducah (Ky.) court has decided that marriage between a white and black is just as valid as between two whites.

A gentleman who was once betrothed to Susan B. Anthony resides at Dubuque, and has an air of hopeless melancholy. The bombardment of Alicante, Spain by the insurgents resulted in much damage to the town. Another attempt will be made.

One of the "toughest and healthiest men" in Sioux City, according to the Journal, eats but one meal a day, and that he takes just before going to bed. Indians in Kansas are on the war-path, and have caused much excitement among settlers and railroad men by reason of capturing supplies intended for hunters.

The Sandwich Islands are threatened with revolution. King Lunaliili is seriously ill, and not likely to recover, and his kinsman, David Kalakaua, is already drilling a company preparatory to seizing the crown.

The citizens of Uniontown, Va., feel a little cold toward Henry Snyder. His wife fell down a well, and he rode three miles to borrow a rope, when there was a ladder long enough for the purpose leaning against the house.

There are now in the harbor of Zanzibar two Admirals with nine ships of war. Such a force has never been seen there heretofore, and the Sultan is said to be convinced that England means to put down the slave trade.

A few months ago a famous Prussian General was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to a sergeant; "cobwebs!" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we must keep them there to catch the flies and prevent them from teasing the horses."

The first premium on matched horses at the Onida county fair was awarded to a resident of Ulica. As the judges were tying the ribbons on an unsuccessful exhibitor demurred at their decision, saying, "On what grounds do you give the premium to Mr. —'s horses?" "On fair grounds," was the witty reply.

The Scotch journals, which had the Polar bear as well adapted for Arctic navigation as are the Dundee whalers—one of which rescued the crew of the Polaris—selected a more intelligent principle, the geographical and scientific results of the expedition would have been invaluable.

Eighty-eight ladies have entered the Michigan University, an exchange says. One reason why this institution is so popular is, that hazing is done by the lady students blindingfold the young men and then kissing them. A handsome young man named Gates, from Worcester, Mass., was nearly smothered in this manner recently.

Of the 856 cotton manufacturers in the United States, 191 are in Massachusetts, 139 in Rhode Island, 138 in Pennsylvania, 111 in Connecticut, and 81 in New York, aggregating 667, or more than two-thirds of the whole. New Jersey has 27; New Hampshire, 36; Maine, 29; Maryland, 22; North Carolina, 23; Georgia, 34, and Tennessee, 23.

We are quite sure that even his bitter-est political enemies will sympathize with the Andrew Johnson in his loss through the First National Bank failure at Washington. All the money he possessed, \$60,000, was deposited, and until some settlement is made will be penniless. It is a severe blow to the old and not over provident man.

The charge of the Vox Publica that armed United States soldiers had again invaded Mexico is untrue. When the steamboat Little Fleta stranded on the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande Army Paymaster Nicholas was a passenger, with a guard of United States soldiers, who assisted in saving the cargo and guarded it and the paymaster's safe after landing it from the wreck.

The Effects of Worry. That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The case-book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting-man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental care, accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have operated it with ease. It formed its duties without reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—Chambers's Journal.